

# TOWNE TALK

No. 88 July 1966 Bruce F. Towne, Jamaica, Iowa 50128

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The world has never had a good definition of the word liberty, and the American people, just now, are much in need of one.

—Abraham Lincoln

## The Quarrel

THE LAUREL started the affair—  
He called the Rose a vain coquette.  
The Rose replied, "She did not care  
What people thought outside her set!"  
"Faith! you speak true! the Laurel cried.  
"The Rose and Laurel only meet  
When on the Hero's head we ride,  
And you are tossed beneath his feet."  
The Rose retorted: "I recall  
More than one Hero who threw down  
His laurel wreath, his honor, all  
For one red rose from Beauty's crown."  
The Laurel frowned: "'Tis as you say,  
And yet it cannot be gainsayed  
Their laurels are undimmed today  
Save by the folly of that trade!"  
"Your reasoning's false," exclaimed the Rose.  
"Your premises are falser yet;  
Your sentiment is all a pose.  
Besides, you are not in my set!"

### UNMORAL

'Twixt Duty, here below, and Love,  
Alas! we see a great gulf fixed.  
Perchance they're *introduced* above.  
In Heaven, society is mixed.

—*Oliver Hereford*



He who gives a passion-flower always asks  
it back.

—*Tampico*

## Accomplishment

IT'S NOT what you'll do when you're older,  
Tomorrow, next week, or next year,  
But what you accomplish or finish  
Before tonight's shadows draw near;  
For nothing is gained on the morrow,  
For work then no one draws pay,  
So earnestly strive to accomplish  
The task one should finish each day.

—Alonzo Newton Benn



## Sunshine Making

PUT A BIT of sunshine in the day;  
Others need its cheer and so do you—  
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray  
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.  
Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;  
Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;  
Make the ones about you wonder why  
Sunshine crimson should appear "so soon".  
Put the golden sunshine in each day;  
Others need the cheer that comes thru you;  
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray  
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

—Juanita Stafford

Life is but a day at most,  
Sprung from night—in darkness lost:  
Hope not sunshine every hour,  
Fear not clouds will always lour.

—Burns



## I Am a Soldier

I am a soldier; I do as I'm told.

I am a soldier; don't think I'll grow old.

Fighting and dying, that's all that I see.

Horror and heartbreak, so men can be free.

I am a soldier; a small part I play,

But I know what I'm here for . . . a better day.

—*Rosemary Yvonne Ogden*

